

# WEST SAXON

SUMMER 1936



# THE WEST SAXON

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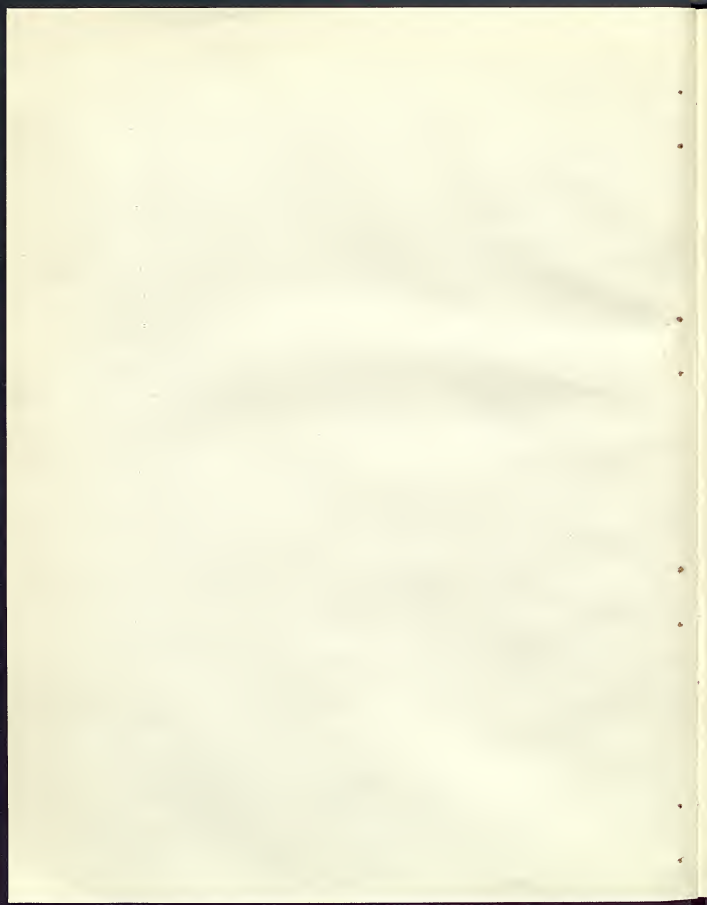
Summer Term, 1936



University College, Southampton

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## EDITORIAL



The editorials of past Summer numbers of "The West Saxon" are mostly melancholy in tone, as though their writers felt great sadness at their departure from College and the necessity of handing on their office to a successor. We feel no such pangs of regret because "The West Saxon" is to pass into the hands of an Editor who will give it a tone and individuality of her own. Our own former editorials have largely been concerned with the statement of our aims, our disappointment at their not being fulfilled, and complaints of apathy and lack of material. The sales of our first number increased somewhat over those of former years, but the sales of the

second fell considerably, so that there was some discussion on the Students' Council as to whether the magazine should be published less frequently or even abolished. The success of "Wessex News" was such that some suggested that it had superseded "The West Saxon" which was no longer needed.

We should like very much at this point to congratulate the Editor of "Wessex News" and his brilliant helpers on their success. Already we tend to take our weekly paper for granted without realising what a fine achievement it is. The Editor started out with a clean sheet; he had no traditions to guide him and, we suppose, no very clear conception of what was expected of him by the mass of students. His own ideas, however, were not vague; he clearly knew what he wanted and he produced, not a vacillating or tentative newsheet, but a newspaper which has established itself as an accepted part of College life and definitely laid down a trail which we expect will be followed for some time to come. Yet, we suggest that it was a mistake to think that "Wessex News" has supplanted "The West Saxon"; the aims of each are fundamentally different. The newspaper gives an account of day to day events which soon lose their importance, while the magazine should attempt to preserve those things which are, if not of interest to "future generations" as we could hope, at least capable of giving pleasure to readers who keep their magazines and may care to give them an occasional glance long after they have left College. A student spends nearly half-a-crown on his "Wessex News" in a year, but at the end he has little to show for the money; on the other hand three sixpences spent on magazines leaves him with a tangible memento of his year's residence at Southampton.

This term we modestly claim to present you with a magazine which is both of a high standard and also deserving of popularity. We have received a larger quantity and better variety of material than usual; we have been forced to reject a great deal of this, but hope that the writers will not be too offended or dejected and will flood the editorial office with fresh productions next term. We look upon this influx as a hopeful sign that students are feeling less shy and are making a serious effort to help maintain the magazine. The articles printed include several which are satirical and humorous without being either vulgar or absurd. The satire of some touches not only the students in general but individuals in particular; we hope that those concerned have sufficient good nature to receive the shafts of wit and a broad enough sense of humour to laugh at themselves.

In conclusion we wish every success to those who are taking examinations and to those who are leaving College; to all we wish an enjoyable vacation.

## IN MEMORIAM

**C**OUNTLESS numbers will hear of the death of Professor Patchett with deep sorrow. His sudden loss will be felt not merely within the confines of this College, for those who knew him are not limited to such a narrow sphere. In obscure corners of the world and amidst the congestion of England's busiest industrial towns there will be many to pay tribute to him as a man of learning and one in whom learning was never divorced from sympathy. They will remember and respect his genius, but they will mourn him as a man whose sympathy and kindness are no more. With such varied experience as he had of life it is not to be wondered that he formed many links which death alone could sever. Those in Canada to whom he lectured while he retained in body that vigour which was always so typical of his mind, will yet treasure happy memories of him. But perhaps those with whom and for whom he worked during the troubled years of the War, cut off as they were from their fellow-countrymen within the boundary of a German internment camp, will feel his loss most keenly. They knew him not only as an untiring organiser and enthusiastic lecturer who laboured to make those dreary years pass quickly, but also as one who suffered with them. There is perhaps many a man who might never have known the beauty of literature but for the inspiration he gave.

University College to whom he afterwards devoted this same energy of mind will miss him too. Students past and present respected him for his undoubted academic capability and for the opinions which only a penetrating mind such as his could give. To many he revealed in conversation, or in lectures, new aspects of life, unrealised facets of beauty and fresh avenues of thought. He was regarded with great esteem by his colleagues, while students, although they looked upon his learning and his presence with awe, valued highly the advice and sympathy which he was always prepared to give. A man endowed with a mind which combined extreme depth and penetration with versatility, he was keenly interested in all branches of College life. We heard of his valuable service as a member of the Senate and we knew by our own experience how interested he was in the hopes, aspirations and worries of the least of his Intermediate students. We appreciated his sense of humour which his twinkling blue eyes betrayed. We admired him for his courage when he, an obviously sick man, continued his course of lectures so that he should not fail those who needed his help.

His dignified and courteous person may have disappeared from our corridors, his learning and carefully-weighed judgments may have gone, but we shall always remember his kindness and affection for us. . . . .

L. W. NEALE.





## DEATH: A LEGEND

**D**EATH sat on a luminous tree-stump at newmoon sharpening his scythe. To test the edge he held it under a larch tree ruffled by the storm. When the yellow needles fell down the sharp scythe cut them easily and smoothly. Death nodded and set out to seek for a wife.

Mrs. Death stood at the open window of an inn. Dust was hovering in dense clouds over the tables which had been moved against the walls. Stamping fellows and hot girls danced to the cracked voice of an old accordion. Death tagged Mrs. Death and said:

"It's time."

The woman shook her head. One fellow was still dancing. She had to wait for him. His shirt had been left hanging outside last night and she had washed it again. Everyone in the district knew that Mrs. Death had to guard the washing over night, when it was left hanging outside.

The fellow in the inn let his girl's hand go and raised his glass. But his hand was trembling and the brown ale was spilt over his coat. Then he took his hat with the feather and went home.

Now Mrs. Death ran after Mr. Death: "I'll have the scythe," he said, "and you'll look after the rake. I shall mow and you'll rake after me."

Coming to the last cottage near the hill-top, Death started mowing all down the slope and Mrs. Death gathered in the sheaves with her rake. The fellow from the inn was the first to fall. In each house people died after him. It was of no use sprinkling the threshold with holy water and lighting sacred candles.

But a very old and wise man said amidst the general distress:

"You can't meet Death, but you could catch Mrs. Death by leaving the washing somewhere outside. You should try it." Rumour soon brought the man's words into every house. A lad and a girl, bride and bridegroom, tied up a string between two hollow sycamores in a full moon night, put some washing over it and hid themselves in the trees.

Death passed by mowing, and close after him stalked Mrs. Death. Seeing the washing on the line, she remembered her duty and leaned her rake against one of the trunks. With a sudden movement out of the hollow tree the bridegroom snatched it, and when returning with the washing from the pond nearby Mrs. Death could not find it again. Without the rake, however, she had no power. She lamented loudly into the night and bride and bridegroom had to pluck up courage not to give themselves away in their terror.

Missing the dry scraping of the rake behind him, Death turned round and heard the groaning of his wife. Leaning his scythe against the other tree he joined his wife in seeking after the lost rake. With a quick grip the bride had dragged the scythe into the tree.

Death as well was powerless without his mowing tool, so Death and Mrs. Death stood in the moonlight at a complete loss what to do. "Let's finish for to-day, he said, heaven and hell will let us find some other scythe and rake."

They went down the lighted meadow and disappeared in the silvery mist. Bride and bridegroom stepped out of their hollow trees; shivering with horror they carried scythe and rake down to the pond and slung them into the black water. After innumerable funerals there was the first wedding. Out of the superfluous coffin planks the carpenter made cradles.

Noko.

### THE FRESHER'S PROGRESS



F dull nonentity the Stygian night,  
The new awak'ning, and th' aspiring flight  
Of fledging Freshers 'mid the cruel throng,  
My pains poetic and my first adventurous song :

In Autumn season, when the rustic swain  
Reaps, from the summer's toil, the winter's gain;  
And generous Nature flings her bounty forth,  
Scattering her first-fruits on the expectant earth:  
Just so does England spread her progeny,  
And send her sons to University.  
Not least of these to WESSEX' cloisters come,  
In Stoneham, Connaught, make a home from home;  
From every shire, from every town, they press,  
From near Millbrook and distant Inverness.  
WESSEX ! Give welcome to the bounding stream !  
Fling wide the portals of your spacious Academe !  
But to our song : they are but FRESHERS yet,  
And "miserable" is the Fresher's epithet.  
Shorn of past glories, here and there they stand,  
Lone, or in little groups, a grisly band;  
To lecture rooms with dragging steps they go,  
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.  
And one apart, as in a muse, it seems,  
Studies the surging spectacle, and dreams . . .  
AEons ago, Elysian Liverpool  
Owned him the senior prefect of his ancient school;  
Now, plucked his plumes, he sniffs the alien air,  
And inward groans. Ah ! what a fall is there !  
"O woe alas !" he sighs, and "Woe alas"  
The empty walls re-echo, and there pass  
Seniors, serene and sure, and with them go  
Their females, gaily decked, a glittering show;  
But in this mocking throng, these cloisters dread,  
He has not anywhere to lay his head.  
Well he remembers, at his school it seemed  
How each "new boy" a blithering fool was deemed;  
The charm with which his manly frame is filled  
Avails not, for he is not of the guild;  
Casteless and cold, no clique his wit applauds,  
His feeble bleat awakes no answering chords.  
(And bitter gall is added to his worries  
When he's repulsed by haughty dames at soirees).

Yet cease, Melpomene, thy tragic song !  
And hence, into Highfieldian shades among,  
Seek out thy dwelling.

Yet attend a while  
O WESSEX, 'till I woo Calliop's smile;  
Inspire my mighty line, heroic muse,  
Pervade my thund'rous verse, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme !

See from his lowly state the neophyte advance !  
Not his to groan in *static* ignorance;  
He snaps subconscious fingers, and there rise  
Visions of triumphs now, before his eyes;  
Slowly he learns to lisp the common tongue,  
A noted restuarant he calls "the Bung,"  
Light o'er his mouth the name of "Prinay" trips,  
Oft' is the sound of "Highfield" on his lips;  
With blasé confidence he cuts a lec.,  
He drinks *unwanted* coffee in refec.,  
His wandering feet ne'er tread the Library stair,  
Room Seventeen becomes his constant care.  
Swift he emerges from the chrysalis,  
Accomplished is the metamorphosis.  
Sing, sylphs ! O sing, ye maids of brighter sheen !  
O sing, ye spotless nymphs of Highfield's echoing green !  
Sublime, high-souled, serene, sophisticate,  
Behold ! A Senior Undergraduate !

W. S. BAILEY.



## TRAINING

It would seem to be inevitable that the government shall always develop the most unfortunate and unsuitable terminology for the organisations and groups of public servants under its control. Teachers have been reduced to the level of horticultural specimens, or army officers, by the ignoble process of being *trained*. The selection committees of local authorities demand of their candidates for appointments "Are you trained?" If you have been subjected to a course of training you have the magic formula for success. If you have not, you cannot be a teacher, for it is not a definition nowadays that a teacher is one who has been trained?

A phrase may, in itself, be an unworthy object of criticism, but this "Training of Teachers" is not a mere verbal expression of a type of education; the terminology has determined the nature of the process. The whole course offered to men and women embarking on a teaching career appears to have become a mechanical effort to produce a stereotyped product. A student reading for a Diploma in Education is expected to toy with a dozen different subjects; he is lost in a mass of facts and conflicting theories.

It would appear that students pursuing this course in Education tend to fall into one of two categories—those who care nothing for any theories and want merely to assimilate sufficient knowledge to obtain a Diploma, and those who are genuinely interested in the new thoughts that are presented to them and who would like to consider them carefully and critically. The first class will respond quite naturally to the process of training; the second will want to pursue innumerable channels of thought and will find themselves considerably embarrassed by the immense scope of the task that they have undertaken. The rather unfortunate latter group of deeper thinkers will discover to their cost that their work has been almost useless as a preparation for the examination. Finally, despairing of resolving all their newly acquired notions into harmony, they fall back upon the methods of their less intelligent, but more practical colleagues, and succumb to *training*.

The truth is, that the course in these subjects, which are collected together under the name of Education, is far too ambitious. An attempt is made to produce psychologists, philosophers, historians and practical teachers all at once, and, because of the limitations of the human mind, this simply cannot be accomplished efficiently. In practice what happens is that sooner or later the students on the course learn by rote a series of aphorisms, stock phrases and epigrams without the least conception of their real significance. It is by no means unusual for a student who has obtained a high mark in his Diploma examination to ridicule psychology as a game of phrase juggling. What he really means is that he himself has never understood the thoughts lying behind the technical terms he has learnt to use so skillfully. Psychology has merely enlarged and classified his vocabulary. Such an impression cannot be avoided when there is no time to investigate the subject carefully. Sympathy with Freud or the Behaviourists is discouraged; their theories are grossly caricatured in subtly devised humorous anecdotes. Rational criticism is discontinued in the artificially created atmosphere of scorn. It is made to appear that, in order to be a Decent British Psychologist, the somewhat bad-tempered writings of McDougall must be accepted as almost the last word on the subject.

The true Historian must be horrified at the preparation of students for the test in Educational History. There is a large measure of sympathy for the unfortunate lecturer who realises that there is no time to conduct a real investigation: all he can

do is to produce, and try to convince his students of, a number of suggested causes and effects for each new Act or political move. If he tries to break away from this traditional and unreal treatment, he will soon find that he cannot cope with the demands of the examining authority.

What solution can be suggested for these problems? It is recognised that there are a group of studies which can be called broadly, branches of the Theory of Education. In this group would be included History of Education, Administrative Systems, Methodology, Psychology and so on. Moreover it is felt generally that a teacher ought to have a knowledge of some part of them, but to trifle with them all is seen under the present system to be practically useless.

First of all the term "Training of Teachers" should be scrapped, and the whole nature of the Diploma in Education changed. It is suggested that prospective teachers should be permitted to read for a Degree in Education, just as the chemist graduates in Science. An ordinary Bachelor's Degree in Arts, Science or Economics is the guarantee that a man possesses sufficient knowledge of his special subject to be competent to teach it, and could serve as a very suitable qualification to admit him to the one-year course for the Degree in Education. The course should include a term's school practice, the value of which no one will deny, and a practical examination; theoretical papers would be taken in *one special subject* with a subsidiary if required.

Such a plan would improve the whole outlook towards the Education course. It would not be possible for a student to play stupidly with a huge range of diverse studies. Serious thought and careful investigation of a selected subject would be demanded.

The young teacher would feel such a course of study to be worth while, and could enter with zest into reading for an Education Degree. At the moment he can do little more than give in to the system that has entrapped him: he reads and copies out somebody else's ideas. This is *training*.

He resents being trained.

I. H. P.



## MARY

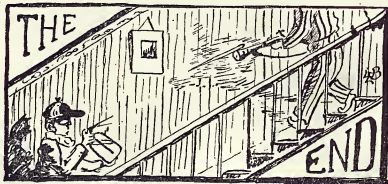
**I**N paling darkness Mary sang.  
Along the quiet woodland way  
Light as the morning dew she came  
Before the dawn of day.

Green-fingered she; the flowers woke  
To feel the touch of her gentle hand.  
And as the morning sun rose high  
There came a glory to the land  
Where Mary passed; the leafy trees  
Grew brighter; and there came a stir  
Of wings as young birds fluttered by;  
And timid creatures followed her.

They knew no fear when Mary sang.  
Deep in the shadow-dappled grass  
Among the nodding marguerites  
The shy hares watched her pass ;

And silky, bright-eyed dormice came  
And squirrels leapt from tree to tree;  
A yaffle chuckled through the green,  
The sun was sinking goldenly  
When swallows left their lonely caves  
All silenced in their skimming flight.  
She ever singing led them on  
Into the stillness of the night

But no one knew why Mary sang.  
Along the quiet woodland way  
Light as the morning dew she came  
And vanished with the day.



## WITHOUT RIME OR REASON

Scene : The Wessex Debating Hall.

Time : Any time in the remote future when you think the Debating Hall may be built.

(To the erudite—This is an example of Aristotle's 'probable impossible').

The motion before the House was 'That there are too many long-trousered men and short-skirted women.'

**A** CONTEMPORARY copy of the 'Wessex Views' (40 pages, 10,000,000 daily circulation) assures us that the main speakers were excessively dull and long-winded, except the seconder of the opposition, Mr. Nogginson, who was very witty, and started off by saying that as by now everyone had forgotten the motion he would tell a few good clean stories. When he had finished, the Chairman (Mr. Boss) ruled him out of order. Mr. Waffle then rose and said that the subject deserved more serious treatment than it had hitherto received. The speeches they had heard, clever and amusing as they were, showed how dangerous the subject could be when treated from the viewpoint of bourgeois ideology. What they had heard was nothing more nor less than insidious capitalist propaganda. The real basis of the dispute was the class war, and the issue was a purely economic one. Why did women wear short skirts? Because the fashion was set by the vicious capitalist class. Under Communism the proletariat would set the fashion and immorality would cease. Let us unite and support the Red Front and a true moral standard.

Mr. Bottam jumped to his feet and shouted, 'To hell with these dictatorships! In Germany they would shove you in a concentration camp if you didn't wear brown shorts with your brown shirt. And in Russia the communist dictators have a monopoly and compel everyone to dress alike by forcing them to buy slovenly suits at a high price, thus making huge profits on them. We don't want to be like Russia or Germany. English democracy is the finest constitution in the world. If I had my way, everyone in this country would be forced to join a Party for the Preservation of Democracy, to ensure that freedom continues.'

Mr. Mild ventured to doubt the relevance of the previous speaker's remarks, and said it was really a question of psychology. He advised everyone to read Freud on sex sublimation.

Mr. Silvery shouted 'Amen' but was ruled out of order by the Chairman. Miss Coster jumped up and sat down again. The Chairman ruled this also out of order.

There was a pause of about twenty minutes, and then Miss Peach remarked that she had a perfect right to wear no skirt at all if she chose to do so. This remark was treated with considerable severity by the Chairman, who bawled out, 'Contempt of court! Fifteen days C.B.!'

Mr. Knavery said he thought that in this matter of clothes and the woman it must by now be obvious to everyone that you didn't have to have a government to force them to make fools of themselves, you had only to look round this room to see that. 'And anyhow, Mr. Chairman, I think a barracks is an unhygienic place for a confi . . . . er . . . . in which to be confined.' Shouts of 'Shame,' 'Siddown,' 'Keep the party clean,' mingled with bawdy guffaws, hooting, whistling, and the throwing of orange peel.

Enter 1 . . . . . tight, singing 'Bawdiamus igitur.' He breaks off into a Gregorian chant and collapses on to the Chairman, shouting 'Darn good fellows, all of you !' He is ruled out of order by the Chairman. Miss Stallion nobly assists them both to their feet and is embraced by 1 . . . . . Close-up. Slow fade-out.

(I say, I'm awfully sorry about this article, Editor. It doesn't seem to have finished quite right. Perhaps you'd re-write it for me. Thank you).



#### THE LARK AND THE COMET

**W**HO is the spring lark in the sky ?  
Who is the bright comet ?  
One sings a song and returns,  
The other is Space's vomit.

The winds of the high air  
Cling round him forever,  
Biting out his flame,  
Grain from grain dis sever.

She lowers to her earth,  
Lies her body on it,  
Folds her on its breast,  
Dies and then has won it.

One under the larkspur grows,  
The other buried where no one knows.

B.D.Q.

1 Cut by the Censor—footnote.



## MOON MAGIC

**A** LOW bewildering whisper urged me on  
As I went through the wide blue breathing night.  
Nature was stirring there, for sleep had gone  
And left her sighing deeply, tremblingly,  
In quivering darkness shot with starry light,  
Following the secret trail of hidden things  
Across the soft live meadow. Flower and tree  
Gleamed in the yellow brightness of full moon  
And heavy fruits grew turgid in its spell.  
From some far-distant haunt, borne on the wings  
Of melody, there came a strange sad tune  
Awakening thoughts I knew not, yet knew well.  
And where cloud shadows crossed the grasses sweet  
I almost heard the tread of soft bare feet.



## THE PSYCHOLOGICAL LINK IN MODERN POETRY

**O**NLY too often one hears the writings of contemporary poets discussed as incomprehensible or nonsensical, because the reader is, perhaps, a Bachelor of Arts, or a would-be one, or fancies himself as having certain scholarship: and yet he can make nothing of this so-called new way of writing: and so, lest he be proving himself a fool he calls the poet fool instead.

Actually the art of verse making has changed but slightly since the days of Caedmon and Chaucer: but just as ploughing was important then and is important still, only now they plough by tractor where before they ploughed by hand: so the art of verse-making has been subjected to experiment, examined in the light and progressed. Spontaneity and inspiration are still essential: one has still to be born a poet: but technique has become self-conscious. (Here may I say to all the pseudo Eliots and self-worshipping Audens that technique alone is only like a precocious child writing out the multiplication table).

The so-called "incomprehensibility" in modern verse is due to the discovery of what one may call the "psychological link" in modern poetry. It is not a new invention—it has always been used by poets, but except by a master craftsman, it was formerly used in a narrower sense because he was often unaware of the poetical tool he was employing; while to-day, discovering through Freud and Adler and Jung the vast inner world of ourselves, poets and twentieth-century writers have set out intrepidly to chart this almost unknown land: and sometimes the path between mountain and valley is unapparent to all save those having some knowledge of this new countryside.

In "From Feathers to Iron," by Day Lewis, where the mother, heavy with child, is come at last to the end of her waiting period, the poet writes:

"Now the young challenger, too tired to sidestep,  
Hunches to give or take decisive blow.  
The climbers from the highest camp set out  
Saying good-bye to comrades on the glacier,  
A day of rock between them and the summit  
That will require their record or split their bones.  
Now is a charge laid that will split the hill-face,  
Tested the wires, the plunger ready to hand.  
For time ticks nearer to a rebel hour . . . . ."

The idea in the poet's head is that of the eleventh hour before any great and stupendous undertaking: the last moment of waiting before revolution, before a dynamite charge splits rock, the heroic attempt of a party of climbers to scale the last peak, the fighter who, wearied of parrying at last gets down to business and decides things one way or the other. The ideas leap to the poet's mind *in parallel*, each of them illuminating or expanding the thought that life or death must be the outcome of the next few hours for his wife and child.

An excellent and simple example of this "link" is found in the opening lines of "The Tower," by Yeats:

"What shall I do with this absurdity—  
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,

Decrepit age, that has been tied to me  
As to a dog's tail . . . . . "

Here the poet feels young and strong in heart and mind : but when he looks into the mirror he sees an old and wrinkled face : and it seems to him absurd that so old a body should be tied to so young a mind—ridiculous—tied—(those are the word links)—like a tin to a dog's tail.

The art of reading modern verse is to let the mind drift and go free. Those who are stuck in ruts and old associations, for whom a young girl is always a blossom and dusk is always a moth coming to earth and lips are roses or violets or cherries—these will never understand half the wealth of association and symbol to be found in this latest development of poetry. I have purposely chosen simple examples so far for illustration. But in Hopkins, father of the modern school, much more difficult and striking examples abound.

" . . . . . bow or brooch or braid or brace, tall latch or catch or key to keep  
Back beauty . . . . . "

Here one method of tying a thing up and preventing escape has led the poet on to think of countless other ways of pinning, lashing, harnessing, locking back the captive.

Again, he writes :

"Wild air, world-mothering air  
Nestling me everywhere . . . . . "

Read this as a simple word-song without much meaning, if you will : or therein see the air bearing the earth in its vast womb—motherhood—the bird brooding on her nest as air on and about man—close and lovely knitting together of the poem making it intrinsically as well as extrinsically beautiful.

It is not that the poet of to-day has more mental associations than a poet of other years, or than the average man : he is simply on the "qui vive" for this parallelism and aware of its existence and the link. A man may be reminded in a stranger's room of a house he entered years ago because a rug or ornament is similar or identical : but a poet not only associates thing with things, he associates the abstract with the concrete, sound with smells and smells with colours, feelings with animals, states of mind with physical movement. A minor chord in music may be to him a dim rainy dusk in March, smell like wet earth after drought, and be blue or green in colour : because each of these things arouses the same sensations in him he associates them together.

This, then, is the key to the true understanding of modern poetry—when two dissimilar things arouse in the poet similar feeling or train of thought he puts them side by side in his poem without apparently showing why : the reason is clear to him and would be to his readers if they took the trouble to use their heads and hearts in conjunction.

Therefore let us not scorn too hurriedly the work of the poet-pioneer, but rather pause to ask—is not the fault in us, am I not depriving myself of a beautiful thing ?

PHYLLIS M. SHIELDS

## ANNOTATING A CLASSIC

Manuscript: 101A Hartleian.

Date: c. 1935 (references to Mosley—assassinated 1938)

Published by Jackson and Hall 2200

First Edition bears editor's initials J. V. R.

### "INTENSITY," by FELIX WHITTLEWHAT

bass booms over eden  
footfall of christmas  
we feed  
music  
i like mae west  
hail maxton and mosley  
women shout hooray  
no more hippopotami for us  
kneel down and bar the way.

*Line 1: bass*: a well-known beverage (source: Burton's eternal triangle).

*eden*: possibly a garden (hortus botanicus) near the poet's College. A political reference?

*Line 2: footfall*: Whittlewhat once fell rather heavily in the garden at Christmas. Perhaps he was intoxicated.

*Lines 3 and 4*: Note Littlewhat's terseness. Here he describes the inner feelings of a soul in love (e.g., if music be the food of love, play on). It was a custom of students to feed and make love at the same time in an unidentified place known as "refec."

*Line 5: mae west*: probably one of his mistresses. His other works point to his having met her in a cinema (presumably a place of entertainment, though her exact status is unknown). He uses her as a symbol of all that is womanly (e.g., Venus or Aphrodite and Madame Pompadour).

*Line 6: maxton and mosley*: Two famous comedians. Maxton appeared only at Westminster, but Mosley made people laugh all over the country. Maxton was born in Glasgow and sang the famous song—

"Roamin' in the gloamin' by the bonnie banks o' Clyde."

*Line 7*: University women in Whittlewhat's day always shouted. This habit originated in Cambridge.

*Line 8: Hippopotami* is obscure. It may refer to the slow and clumsy procedure of government or to some of the more robust of Whittlewhat's lady friends. If so, the coarseness of the satire seems out of place.

*Line 9*: May refer to (i) slowness and obstructiveness of parliamentary procedure, (ii) a man and woman of the poet's acquaintance, or (iii) standing up to drink at a "bar" (counter to prevent people getting at the drinks). (Sources: White, Swan and Hop).

The word "kneel" is intended to intensify the satire. Note that "kneel" and "bar" are often found in close proximity in literature of the time, as were "What's Yours" or "Come and have a quick one."

The philosophy of the poem is summed up in a line from a contemporary lyric—"We don't care for . . .," which means "To hell with education." There was no artistic temperament about Whittlewhat; he was a realist.

CALIGULA.

From "ORTO DE LA LUNA."

by PEREZ DE AYALA.

**B**LACK night. I stand on the shore.  
The sea is sad, hollow and mysterious  
As a moat; the further shore  
Is castellated with a mighty palace of cloud.  
Of gloomy jet are its walls; there is no window,  
No open door. A mass of blackness;  
Corpulent, inviolate as biblical Ectaban :  
It is the dark mansion of the sky,  
But here is that which opens a pure latin arc.  
And luminous. Is it the moon,  
On this sullen castle's door ?  
Already a silvered bridge unfolds,  
Crosses the moat, from the castle  
To my feet.

F. A. C.



## ONCE BITTEN

**M**ANY a spring has gone by leaving me unloving and unloved, and this spring too might have gone and left me strolling the library stairs soberly seeking learning without hope catching at me at every corner, if some blessed idiot of a science swot, hurrying from Refec. to his labs, hadn't knocked into the woman in front of me and sent her coffee streaming down her legs. Her free hand shot out to the side and she gripped my hand as if the tide were washing her off a life boat and assured the apologetic mutt in front of her that "Really it didn't matter, it wasn't very hot. It didn't matter at all." She clung fiercely while she told the blundering ass he might get her some more coffee, but he wasn't to worry. And as the poor fool got the coffee she turned round and blinked a smile up at me with a quick, "Don't give me away," and chattered off to a noisy group gurgling that of course it hadn't hurt her, and only me knowing it had.

She was but a bit of a thing and I stood looking down to where the sun had shone on her hair and her eyes begging and crying and laughing at me all at once, but a determined voice asked me bluntly was it coffee or an alarm clock I wanted.

I haven't had an easy minute since.

No one else seemed to find her very difficult to talk to or approach. She'll be laughing for two minutes' with one fellow and chattering for three with the next, having one and a half serious minutes with a third and giggling in the Grand with a fourth, playing tennis with half-a-dozen and eating in the Bungalow with half a blithering regiment, but Lord, I only got near an empty seat at her table in the library and then slumped off to a place opposite a dreadful horror with brown glasses and pink eyes. Maybe it was pink glasses and brown eyes, but I didn't look often. I worked up a smashing service and then got drawn in the mixed doubles with someone else. Her tennis was alright, but heavens, she hinned like a donkey every ten seconds. I threw the second match away to escape.

And there was *my* girl on the next court playing up like the little beauty she was with a lumbering idiot that didn't know his luck, and, O Lord, what a style. She didn't seem to get the ball quite where she ought to have done, but she looked fine as she hit out with all the good intentions in the world of playing well, any fool could see, except her partner, who told me all his troubles afterwards as if I hadn't any of my own. I thought of spraining my ankle, falling downstairs just behind her, then altered it to in front of her, chance she should go down too. So I hung about inside the Common Room till I heard her say she really must go and do some work and then dashed off. I was just ready to skid when I remembered that I might break my leg instead of spraining it and that was going a bit too strong, and anyway I wouldn't see her for weeks if I did. And suppose she thought I looked a fool and gurgled at me. I walked downstairs with my customary caution, and wildly hoped that she might fall instead of me, but the tic tac of her shoe heels came safe and sure behind.

Then I learnt to tango, and what I endured for that no one but me will ever know. I waited and watched over her, and protected her in the spirit from others' dangerous passion until I should win her for my own. And so I waited till the A.U. Dance. And at the A.U. Dance I waited till a tango came, for then I could show her what I could do.

And while I waited I watched her dancing happily with a couple of insignificant fellows who took their glory very casually. And when a tango struck up I dashed ahead without giving myself time to hesitate, humming desperately through my teeth, 'Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine.' And I tangoed ! Oh, how I tangoed. The rhythm went round in my head, and my feet went round in the rhythm, sweep and dip and pause, and on again. . . . And the lovely lady went doggedly waltzing on.

Oh, the bitter blow. By the end of the first round we were both breathing hard, and doing our best to avoid each other's feet and knees. But I encored it with grim determination and seized the girl again. She couldn't tango. She couldn't smile, not at me.

I'm doing my best to forget.

### PERQUISITE.

**M**R. Ambrose straightened himself. The steering wheel had bruised his chest but otherwise he seemed intact. The offside door of the saloon was jammed against the hedge so he pulled himself up the slope of the seat with an effort and climbed out on the other side. The door stuck up forlornly into the air and slammed shut as he landed on the road, where wide skid-marks showing up in the light of the tail lamp explained the drunken position of his car, slewed across the ditch.

Mr. Ambrose characterised British weather in June in fluent American and set off along the road. When he had gone fifty yards he turned back, climbed into the car, switched the lights off, jumped out, watched the door slam anew, turned up the collar of his jacket and trudged along the dark road. The necessity for being in a polite frame of mind when he asked assistance at the nearest house did not arise for nearly an hour, by which time he was cold, very wet, and had exhausted his vocabulary.

A single light eventually showed on his right, and the big man squelched up the path to a small house with a porch. In answer to his knock, a small man with grey hair, and pince-nez, opened the door. Mr. Ambrose summoned his politeness.

"You'll pardon my knocking you up, my car's ditched about two miles back." He waved his hand into the blackness.

The small man showed no hesitation.

"Indeed. That is singularly unfortunate on such a night. Of course I shall be pleased to assist you if I can. Won't you come in ? I fear," he shut the door behind them, "I can hardly provide you with a change of clothes," he smiled, "but I think a dressing-gown and a drink will make you comfortable again, and you will stay until the morning, I hope and get help from the village. Impossible to-night of course."

"Why, that's mighty kind of you" Ambrose assented, "I guess these things will be dry by morning, but they're kinda wet at the moment": he surveyed his thin summer suit ruefully and laughed.

He emerged ten minutes later from a bedroom to which his host had shown him, draped in a blanket, a dressing gown, and wearing a pair of carpet slippers of inadequate size, and went down to the lighted room.



"Ah, very good," the little man exclaimed, "now if you'll sit down by the fire I'll put your wet things to dry in the kitchen. My housekeeper went to bed some time ago." He vanished. Mr. Ambrose surveyed his surroundings. The room contained easy chairs, a solid oak table, books along most of one wall and a few pictures and photographs. One of these arrested the big man's attention and he rose to inspect it. After an examination he sat down reflectively and murmured to himself.

"Waal what do you know?" after which utterance he lost interest in the room and stared into the fire, where he seemed to see something which absorbed him until his host's return. The little man was carrying something. "I took the liberty of removing a few things from your pockets, a wallet I think, some spectacles and a cigarette case." He held them out to Ambrose, who took them with a brief word of thanks. He wondered if it had been dark in the kitchen. Evidently his host had noticed something, he looked worried and diffident, and as he sat down slowly in the comfortable chair opposite the American he said, "Please don't think me rude, but I thought I recognised your . . . your cigarette case," he looked down swiftly, then fixed his eyes once more on Ambrose.

"My name, I don't think I said, did I? is Plater, and . . ."

Mr. Ambrose snapped the case open, held it towards the other and broke in, "You mean, these initials, I reckon, F. L. P., might be you, or some relative of yours? Waal, I guess that's possible," he betrayed no surprise, "I had this given to me."

He leaned back and watched Plater through half-closed eyes. The elder man looked perplexed and worried;

"You know," he hesitated a moment, then went on, "it seems incredible, but I had a boy, Fred, Frederick Luke, F. L. you see? who went to America when he was twenty-two, that was four years ago, I haven't seen him since. I gave him that case, if it be the same one—when he was twenty-one. If you could tell me something of my boy—" he stopped abruptly and looked nervously at Ambrose.

The American shifted in his chair and leaned forward, one big hand on his knee. He did not speak for several seconds.

"Why, I'm sure surprised about this, Mr. Plater, it's a bit of a shock for me."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well," resumed Ambrose, "as I said, it certainly was a big surprise to me when I heard your name. As you guessed, I'm an American, name of Ambrose, and America's a pretty big place, but I once ran up against someone I reckon was your son, and that's how I got this case." There was a certain implication in his voice that made his host pale, but he said nothing and the big man took up his story more rapidly.

"America still has a lot of ground that isn't covered with sky-scrapers and auto roads, and I've seen most of 'em. About ten months ago I was on vacation" (he pronounced it vay-cay-shun) "in the Everglades in Florida, canoing in the creeks in the day and camping at nights with plenty of mosquitoes for company. Not many folk get there, except for shooting or perhaps studying bird life. One night, I was sleepin' as waal as the skeeters would let me, when I heard a plane somewheres around, didn't sound as if it was going too good, and then the motor cut out. I



jumped out of my blankets and listened a spell, but could hear no more, then all at once a crash about four five hundred yards off. I daresay you don't know much about the Everglades. A hundred yards at night can be a darned long trip—creeks, undergrowth and trees. I pushed my canoe into the water and made my way more or less towards where I heard the crash. Every minute or so I let out a yell, but had no answer. It was pretty near two hours after I saw something sticking up against the sky that didn't look like a branch, and I knew it was the wrecked ship. She hadn't caught fire, but there wasn't much left of her except the tail. The pilot was in the cabin, or what had been the cabin. I pulled him out, but couldn't do much for him—internal injuries I reckon. He recovered consciousness about dawn and told me his name. He was with a freight aviation firm and hadn't been at the game long. He knew he was booked and he hadn't time to tell me much excepting his name—Fred Plater, and to thank me for what anyone would have done, same as you in my case to-night. Waal, that's how I got that case, Plater gave it to me just before he died about three hours after. I don't know that I could find the place again, the Everglades are a tough proposition."

The small old gentleman was hunched up in his chair, one hand hanging over the side. There was a long silence, during which Mr. Ambrose stroked his chin in embarrassment. He leaned forward suddenly and grasped Plater's arm.

"Not much I can say Mr. Plater, but I reckon I owe you a lot for to-night and it's the least I can do to leave you the case. It's a tough break for you."

Plater roused himself.

"Mr. Ambrose, I thank you. It will be a remembrance and you have my deep gratitude for what you did for my boy in his last moments. In a sense your news is a relief to me; when I heard nothing from Fred for so long, I had fears—fears. He was," hesitating for a word, "a little reckless you know, wild as is sometimes said, and in America—" his voice trailed off. The fire burned dull now, a cinder fell unheeded on to the hearth. "I was a solicitor till my retirement a few years ago, and after my wife died, Fred was all I had. I am almost used to being alone now, after these years, and now I KNOW, that's something. Well, it is very late Mr. Ambrose," they rose, "I hope you will be comfortable."

The American made for the door, and nodded "Good-night, Mr. Plater."

Mr. Ambrose left his car in the hotel garage and took the lift to his room on the third floor. He passed along the corridor, and stopped at a door marked number 102. He fumbled for a key, inserted it and turned it. Before entering his room he paused, his hand still upon the key.

"You darned liar," he murmured softly, and stepped inside.

He walked over to a bureau beside the window and opened a large wallet which he took from the drawer. From a wad of papers and cuttings inside, he selected a few and held them to the light to read. They were reports of Mr. Ambrose's activities in his professional capacity. The first was a two column cutting headed by a photograph. There was the same face he had seen on the wall of the old gentleman's sitting-room. A young man, dark hair smoothed back, straight nose and rather

sulky brows. The headlines ran :—

FRED (BLACK) LACE ELECTROCUTED  
NUMBER ONE HENCHMAN OF VICE-RACKETEER DIES WITH A JOKE  
“I GOT THAT HONEST, HOPE IT KEEPS YOU GOOD LIKE ME,” AND  
GIVES EXECUTIONER AMBROSE HIS GOLD CASE

The big man swore and looked across London, but he saw only a small gentleman with pince-nez, and there was a satisfied look in his eyes as he replaced the wallet in the drawer.

ALLYART.

**H**OME now.  
I shall not forget with you  
tyrolian beauty  
And grasslands few thousand feet up  
so starry with flowers.  
That was the little-child wonder  
first seeing the summery earth.

Now we come home.  
Here is the city men work in, factory  
chimneys and masts,  
warehouses, docks, shops incredible,  
offices, wharves,  
cravats, bow-ties, open collars,  
just neck-bands and scarves,  
a nucleus of work and unworked  
and best  
the doing the same every day,  
the honest clean body of work.  
Here shall we have  
plain fare only, but what we have share :  
we shall have work,  
and ourselves to be glad of  
and instead  
of living on ev'rest alone we shall be  
two on the Tube going home  
like the rest—  
going on.

Here is my hand for you, take  
my hand down the years to the dark,  
my hand into the dark.

PHYLLIS M. SHIELDS.

## BOOK REVIEWS

"Young Minds For Old." Fourteen Young University Writers On Modern Problems. Edited by Lincoln Ralphs, President, National Union of Students. London. Frederick Muller, Ltd. 5/-.

A short notice of this book was published in *Wessex News* when it first appeared, but it was sent originally for review in the *West Saxon*, and does indeed deserve considerable attention.

In his Foreword, Lincoln Ralphs writes: "At no time in history have young people played a more obviously active part in the world's affairs than to-day. There is no sphere of human activity into which they have not already penetrated and whose conclusions they have not assailed." If this judgment is based on university debating societies, it may be very true; a handful of debaters do assail various accepted conclusions; but is this true of the body of students in general? Furthermore, where, especially in England, do young people take an "active part" in affairs? The younger Pitt was prime minister at the age of twenty-four, but to-day politics are left in the hands of ageing men, while youth either ignores or is afraid of them. Keith Briant, Editor of *The Isis*, in his contribution called "Our Elders And Ourselves" points out that, although the modern youth is full of theories which have become mere platitudes, he is frightened to face the truth, but "It is a matter of time before the young men of the world realise that there is no reason why they should squander their lives to gratify the political vanities and atone for the economic blunders of their rulers."

This book gives a very fair survey of the opinions which are expressed on various subjects by English students, and should, therefore, be welcomed by outsiders who wish to know what we are thinking. Amongst students there is a vociferous minority which zealously preaches various doctrines or creeds, political and religious, while others pretend to a precocious cynicism at all enthusiasms. Both types are represented amongst the contributors. There are articles on Socialism and Communism, as we should expect, but none on Liberalism, probably because youth realises that a merely negative attitude towards political problems cannot lead very far. Conservatism hides itself under the title "Conversations In Conservatism"; it is difficult to discover what these conversations are all about, but they are full of such generalisations as this: "Many of them (active students) are of the type which comes from a Conservative or Liberal-and-Nonconformist home, and react violently to the University as freshers by becoming (generally in quick succession) Socialists, Communists, disciples of D. H. Lawrence and (though not now—he is out of date) G. B. S., then take a year to think about things, and play about with religious societies, and so return, via a saving Anglo-Saxon type of humour and innate sanity, to Conservatism again."

It is rather surprising that, as a large proportion of students eventually become teachers, little attention is paid to Education. There is one essay on "Education and the Scottish Universities," which contains many points of interest to Englishmen, but surely such an important subject could have been given some of the space allotted to the two separate essays on Scots and Irish nationalism.

It would be possible, if space permitted, to describe all the articles at some length. In a very brief survey, however, we may say that the value of this book lies in its tolerant outlook and the opportunity it gives to all to "see the other fellow's point of view." Political, religious, and "intellectual" writers explain their various

outlooks on the problems around them, while J. Fraser Milne valiantly attempts to reconcile athletes who despise the "intelligentsia," and the highbrows who scorn the hearties. It is to be hoped that all who want some instructive, and sometimes amusing reading, will have a glance at "Young Minds For Old."

"Schools at the Cross Roads." Educational Workers' International. Martin Lawrence, 1935. 6d.

"Bias in the Schools." J. P. M. Millar and Arthur Woodburn, N.C.L.C. Publishing Society Limited. 2d.

The first of these pamphlets contains an analysis of the arrest of educational development in this country since 1924, illustrated by an abundance of illuminating statistics; an essay on "Education under Fascism," a devastating exposure of the theory and practice of Fascist States in their endeavour to enslave education to subserve the demands of the nation-state; and a brief but exciting essay on "Education in the Soviet Union," wherein more is said about the numerical and quantitative progress of education in the U.S.S.R. than about the principles which underly it or its quality.

The second pamphlet is a brief and naive statement of the well-known fact that many of the text books used in British schools are written in the ideology of an imperialist and capitalist society. It will be as distressing to its friends because of its crudity and partiality as it will to its enemies because of the truth of its thesis.

Both pamphlets are however welcome though not equally potent, allies in the accomplishment of a necessary task: the bringing home to all whose faith it is that knowledge and education are the hope of man's salvation, the dangerous position of education in a world where the selfishness of classes and nations are fighting to weaken or subdue that which they know to be their most dangerous enemy. "Bias in Education" means that education is being made the means to an end—the making of a good Englishman, National Socialist, Italian Fascist or Russian Communist. The writers of both these pamphlets merely dislike the bias which subserves the ends of fascism and capitalism, but approve (the writer of the Essay on "Education in the Soviet Union" tacitly, Messrs. Millar & Woodburn explicitly) what they call "good bias," i.e., the subservience of education to the training of good socialists and communists. Apparently neither they nor their opponents have any faith in the ability of truth to prevail. It is no greater treason to education to emphasise the importance of ethnology to support a fascist case than to emphasise the importance of reflex physiology to support the cause of Marxist determinism. But when all that has been said, it is significant that while in England educational progress has been at a standstill since 1924, and in Germany, Italy, Austria, Bulgaria and the United States there has been a continuous going back, in the U.S.S.R., even though the leeway to be made up was very great, there has been continual progress since 1925: there are, it seems, no unemployed teachers, no fees at school or university, and very few academic examinations in Soviet Russia.



### NEW HALL

**T**IMES of prosperity and settled conditions provide less material for the historian than periods of discontent and disorder. Hence I, as official historiographer of our small but select and democratic community, New Hall, find comparatively little to record during this present term.

Our citizens, as usual, have been foremost in all branches of activity: one of them has been chosen leader of that wider community of which we form part, that only successful League of Nations, the Students' Union. Others diversely gifted, have spread the renown of our athletic prowess as far afield as the White City.

Our population has been increased by an unparalleled burst of immigration as well as by the return of old, trusty subjects from wild places.

Our social activities include the interesting and, we think, successful experiment of an entertainment during the Summer Term at which the immigrant citizens of Estonia gained universal applause by their rendering of national songs.

Amongst our internal reforms, we would record with gratitude that some mysterious Minister of Labour, whoc'er he be, has at length turned his attention to the relaying of our paths, whilst a large tract of uncultivated land, on the outskirts of our dominion, is being reclaimed, for our citizens to recline in the sun when their long day's toil is ended.

### HIGHFIELD HALL

The Summer term is usually one of few happenings—at least of general interest. Yet if for nothing else, this one at Highfield will be remembered for the replacement of an intriguing but unsatisfying antique in the Waiting Room by a new wireless set which really works. Our other new possession is a landscape painting by Vicat Cole.

We much enjoyed the Entertainment given by Connaught Hall, and congratulate them on their originality in giving this during a term which is somewhat desolate in such respects.



### STUDENTS' ORCHESTRA

**T**HIS is a modern miracle.

An unwary visitor to the Music Hut on a Friday afternoon might well sit in blissful wonder and murmur to himself, "Schönberg? No, Stravinsky, I think!" Actually it would be a Strauss waltz; but the oven-like interior of the hut has sent the fiddle-strings sharp, expanded the clarinets to blow flat—they are not very far from unison at the best of times—perished the elastic bands holding up five of the flute keys, unsoldered the subtle intricacies of the horn's internal economy, and unstuck the back of the double bass—hence the listener's mistake. But the symphony at a recent gramophone club concert was unmistakably Haydn's, and we were only sorry the audience was not larger. That such a heterogeneous assembly can present such good finished effects is entirely due to the players' close co-operation and keenness at rehearsals; not to mention the indefatigable secretary Jeanes, controller of notices and finance—it is even rumoured that despite a suspiciously large number of visits to Murdoch's he has yet managed to balance accounts.

This term has seen a new practice ground in refec. Lest anyone should still be unaware of the facts, let it be known that this is not primarily for the enjoyment of tea-drinkers, but is simply sight-reading practice for the strings and piano. None of this music is seen before-hand—this is sometimes quite obvious—and some is repeated on subsequent occasions as being suitably tea-timish.

You see, they dare not make sight-reading mistakes in refec—they would feel such fools!

W. S. A.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION and CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

This session has seen a gratifying increase in the number of women members whose interest, unfortunately, has extended little beyond the actual payment of the subscription; their apathy is compensated for by the attendance of larger numbers of men at the meetings, although the actual number of paid-up male members is regrettably small. However, the Committee hopes that this state of affairs will be remedied next session when, it is believed, the programme will be equally as attractive as that of this session.

The visit of Mr. Malcolm Davis of the Carnegie International Relations Club in February was very much appreciated and it may have served, moreover, to remind members of the existence of the Club's Library. Our most successful meetings were undoubtedly those addressed by Mr. Brian Goddard of the new Commonwealth Society, Professor Cave-Browne-Cave, Professor Betts, Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Clifton Robbins of the London Office of the I.L.O., and we very much hope that these speakers to whom we offer our grateful thanks, will address the Branch again in the future.

For next session, the Committee looks confidently to all members of the Society for renewed support, in the hope that they will do their best to increase the membership of the U.C.S. Branch and it appeals to all those students who are not yet members, to join up next year, and do all in their power to show that public opinion is still firm in the support of the League.

## SOCIALIST SOCIETY

Of course this is the summer term. All the same, to look back on the year is to realise that the society is not developing much steam of its own. We can be very responsive to such external stimuli as the addresses of C. Day Lewis and Ralph Fox, but it is dangerous to depend on that.

We can, however, welcome such development as the two film shows which have helped us to realise that there is a socialist state definitely attempting to avoid escapism in its art; and also the Saturday morning discussion group and the society library. We hope these will continue.

This term we have had stimulating talks from Dr. Ford on "Population and Socialism," in co-operation with the Economics Society; and from Dr. Quinn on "The United Front in France and Spain."



It is not because of its recentness that we mark the visit of C. Day Lewis as the most important event of the year. He showed us how poets to-day are coming down from their Ivory Towers and are recognising the only hope for civilisation to be in a form of security which will avoid both capitalist anarchy and fascist repression and regimentation.

### CHRISTIAN UNION

Activities are going on apace ! Two special meetings have been held at College—one when the Rev. P. M. Furumoto told us something of the Japanese State religion—Shintoism, and the second at which Dr. Atkinson, M.A., Ph.D., gave a brief talk on "Christianity and Reason."

We enjoyed a picnic one Saturday evening in the woods at Bassett, in spite of the rain which always dogs us when we visit that locality.

At a Squash for Overseas Students there was an interesting discussion on "What is truth." We hope to hold another such Squash to continue the discussion and to place before all present the claims of Christ to be "The Way, The Truth and The Life."

### CATHOLIC SOCIETY

The Society has had, on the whole, a successful year. Attendance at meetings has been fairly high, but we would urge members to realise that the society can only be run successfully if everyone accepts a certain amount of responsibility.

Those members who have contributed papers have in most cases provided us with interesting subjects for discussion. We hope that the acquisition of a number of books will encourage people to take more part in the discussions, and to study the subjects before the meeting is held.







### BOAT CLUB.

**T**HE end of this session marks the end of an important phase in the Boat Club's history. Two years ago the last foundation member departed and events have shewn that there is a supply of men who can follow in the steps of those early enthusiasts whose only assets were illogical optimism and Mr. Casson. To Mr. Casson have been added Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Ackroyd—an array of coaches that many clubs would envy. From optimism and enthusiasm has grown a tradition which enables the club officials to cheat time and tide—we have rowed before dawn and after sunset.

The continued support of the A.U. has, we hope, been sufficiently rewarded by what must be the College's nearest approach to an U.A.U. Championship. We have to thank the College Council for an excellent Boathouse, and we are glad that they could see in us an opportunity to express the continued expansion of the College. Our chief regret is our continued failure to do ourselves justice in the Head of the River.

Turning to crews and races. The First VIII under the guidance of Mr. Ackroyd fell to none but Reading University, and have reduced that once formidable gap to four feet. If the crew can maintain this standard—and prospects are good—their fixtures will have to be stiffened.

Mr. Hiscock with his magic for making a good crew from indifferent oarsmen produced a second VIII which was sufficiently good to frighten the first when they were off form. Rowed against the first crews of all our opponents except Reading, they never lost by more than a length. This augurs well for next year, and the way in which they twice disposed of Reading II may mean that next year will see our most hoped for victory.

The remainder of the Club have struggled cheerfully with Mr. Casson against awful difficulties. The two appearances of a third VIII and our ill-fated attempt to train four crews for the Head shewed what could be done if we could persuade our

older boats to float, but chief honours in this division must be given for the tenacity of men who, rowing on slides like ratchets and emptying their boats every mile, still turned up for more. The new Boathouse, we hope, will make their lot less spartan.

#### First VIII

v Reading University	.....	.....	Reading	Lost	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
v King's College, London	.....	.....	Putney	Won	2 "	1 "
v Queen Mary College, London	.....	.....	Putney	Won	2 "	6 "
v Bristol University	.....	.....	So'ton	Won	2 "	10 "
v London University (U.A.U.)	.....	.....	Henley	Won	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	2 "
v Reading University (U.A.U.)	.....	.....	Henley	Lost	1 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	4 feet
v Reading University	.....	.....	So'ton	Lost	1 "	2 lengths

#### Second VIII

v Queen Mary College "A"	.....	.....	So'ton	Won	1 "	8 "
v Reading University II	.....	.....	Reading	Won	1 "	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
v King's College	.....	.....	Putney	Lost	2 "	1 "
v Queen Mary College	.....	.....	Putney	Won	2 "	4 "
v Bristol University	.....	.....	So'ton	Lost	2 "	$\frac{3}{4}$ "
v Reading University II	.....	.....	So'ton	Won	1 "	4 "

#### Third VIII

v Queen Mary College "B"	.....	.....	So'ton	Won	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	2 "
v London School of Economics "A"	.....	.....	Putney	Lost	2 "	3 "
v Queen Mary College II	.....	.....	Putney	Won	2 "	$\frac{1}{4}$ mile





